WITH THE EYES OF DREAMS

By PAULA HERBERT.

"You have changed," Byron insisted. "You have been away only six months, but you are not the same. Did you think I could not notice the difference even in your letters? You have changed toward me.'

His tone was deeply reproachful. The girl smiled without looking at him, and the man frowned.

"What is it?" Byron repeated. "Have I changed?"

"No, it is I."

Byron's manner changed. "Is it that you don't love me any more?" he murmured.

Rosamond did not whisper as she would have done once. She looked at at him now with cool, half-puzzled eyes.

"I'm afraid that is it," she said.

"But why?" he groaned. "You did love me once."

She looked back into the fire again, and its dancing light lent her a mystic radiance.

"What have I done?" he demanded. "Why have you changed? Is it the influence of this woman who fancied you so much?"

A year before he had met Rosamond, she barely 18, he past 30, and marked her for his own to have and to hold.

She would have married him in a month had he urged her, but took advantage of Alicia Barry's timely offer to winter in San Francisco. He knew that she would meet men at Alicia Barry's, but he was so sure of his own power over her that he felt it hardly worth while to veto the scheme. For the first few months her frequent letters were as he desired, then quite gradually there came a change. The dreams remained, but they were no longer wholly of Byron in the pose of a modern Galahad; they had become vague, impersonal, groping.

"It hasn't been so long," she said meditatively, "only I see you now, and before I looked without seeing at all. I am afraid that I don't care for you any more in—that way. You see, I was so very young when I met you, and I had never known any men before, nor—been loved, and I didn't understand, I just felt. And then," she paused, continuing almost to herself, "could it have been the dreams?" Then, with impulsive determination, "Ah, you must release me."

"No!" Byron's impatient gesture of dissent was stopped in mid-air by the entrance of Alicia Barry and a man whom she briefly introduced as Philip Heron, architect.

The men clasped hands with instinctive dislike. Alicia's own greeting was not affectionate; although they had known each other for years, there had always been a mutual antagonism.

Alicia Barry was a tall, pale woman with weary eyes, who painted passable pictures hinting of embryo genius, and wrote fantastic tales which critics spoke of as promising greater things. Byron's face told her the state of affairs between him and Rosamond and she was pleased.

Alicia and Heron settled themselves calmly as though they were quite unaware of spoiling a tete-a-tete, and Rosamond returned to her almost rapt contemplation of the fire.

Alicia made a few commonplace remarks to Rosamond, as if recognizing her attitude and fearful of breaking the dream in which she appeared to be engrossed. Heron watched her, too, and he and Alicia exchanged a glance of mingled expectancy and solicitude.

Heron spoke gently.

"You are dreaming again to-night, Miss Traine."

Rosamond looked up with a smile—the smile that was her greatest charm.

"I did have an odd dream last night," she confessed.

Involuntarily, her troubled eyes turned to Byron's sullen face. "What did you dream?" Alicia asked.

"Oh, the dream," Rosamond laughed. "I thought that I was dead and dressed in flowing white robes. It seemed that I belonged to some strange religion, and that it was part of our rites to be buried by moonlight. And two men were taking me to my grave. I could not see them, but I knew we were flying through the air very close to the ground. I felt as one does in dreams, that it was quite the usual thing, and called for no more comment than walking down the street. When we finally reached my grave I was left alone. As I turned upon my side, my hand touched a tiny something, soft and warm, a beautiful dove. I held it to my breast. Then I looked up and across the meadow I saw two men passing. I waved my hand just once, and they saw and seemed to know at once what I wanted. Without a word they turned and came toward me, and I lay there with the dove, quite content — waiting"— she broke off. "That's all."

"An odd dream," said Heron. "By the way, knowing your interest in things Greek, Miss Traine, I picked up this little print to-day, thinking it might interest you."

"Isn't being interested in things Greek something new for you?" Byron asked.

Heron produced his print.

He laid it on the table where the light fell upon it, and the four gathered around to look. It appeared to represent the flight of Paris and Helen. They stood upon the shore, waiting to embark in the galley, tossing on a threatening sea. Both

"Oh, Oh," Rosamond Exclaimed. "It Is the Mystic Sign of Artemis!"

were looking back where, down the dim beach, two faint figures ran running. That was all. They looked in silence for a moment, then Heron spoke, pointing to a tiny half-blotted design in one corner of the picture.

"What's that, do you suppose?"

"Oh, oh," Rosamond exclaimed "It is the mystic sign of Artemis!" And she put her hand over it.

"How do you know?" asked Byron.

She looked at him.

"Why, I don't know how I know. I just know that is what it is."

Then she began to speak slowly.

Alicia Barry watched her breathlessly.

"What does she say? What does she say?" she begged of Heron. "Oh, why don't I remember my Greek!"

A cold sweat broke out on Byron's forehead, he was awed, frightened.

"Rosamond!" he cried sharply. "What is it? Are you mad?"

Alicia Barry's fingers closed on his arm like steel.

"Hush, you fool!" she whispered hoarsely. "Don't you see that she remembers!"

Suddenly Rosamond drew herself to her full height. In her hand she held the little print Heron had brought, her eyes were fixed on him, standing with folded arms before her, half suppliant, half defiant. And now Byron knew that some terrible thing had driven him mad, for he stood no more in Alicia Barry's studio, but in a roofless temple whose columns gleamed in the moonlight.

Not a dozen paces away stood Gismonda the vestal—she whose smile was like a garden of dewey roses just at dawn, while on the ground, one foot upon the lowest altar step, with folded arms and bold, bright eyes—Philonides the Spartan.

For a moment the eyes of the vestal looked long into those of the invader of the sanctuary. At last, "I come," said Philonides, in a voice like a caress.

"To death," she whispered, dully.

"Nay, to heaven, my goddess."

"He who invades the sanctuary of Artemis must die," the vestal half chanted.

"Nay," said Philonides again, "the pure one sees me not, and thou, Gismonda, wilt not betray me."

"Betray thee, Philonides! Thou knowest—and yet, hast thou betrayed me?"

"Now, by all the gods—"

"Oh, I know thee true to me," she soothed him. "But I—where are my vows now? I have met thee in the sacred grove, the vestal's lips profaned with mortal kisses, and now, thou comest, O bold Philonides, into the forbidden precincts of the temple itself!"

"Be not afraid, Aphrodite protects us—a mightier divinity than thine, Gismonda. Dost thou not feel her power?"

"Hush," whispered the vestal, clutching at her breast. "I heard a rustling—some one might have followed."

"'Tis nothing," said Philonides, reassuringly. "Come, stand not so above me. Descend yet once more, my goddess, to the arms of thy mortal lover."

Smiling, the vestal came, snatched down to his fierce embrace the instant his outstretched arms could reach her.

"I fear I am a wicked girl, but thy words were sweet, my lord."

She grew grave again.

"O, leave me, Philonides, save thyself and let me expiate my sacrilege as best I can."

"I stir not from this spot," answered the Spartan, firmly, "unless thou dost come with me. Thou, my Gismonda, art in more peril from the lust of man than I am from the anger of an insulted goddess! Thou hast a more powerful lover than the poor Philonides—the wolf's eyes of Prince Menander are upon the vestal of Artemis, and he hath wealth and power enough to bribe even the gods to release their priestesses."

"'Tis true," she breathed. "Yet before I yield to Menander I will die a voluntary sacrifice to my outraged deity."

As she turned to the altar, Philonides felt her stiffen with terror in his arms. Startled, he followed her gaze until his own beheld where from behind a statue a slender shadow stretched. He put the girl behind him, and advanced to the shadow's head. "Come forth, spy," he commanded.

With a snarl Menander stepped out with sword drawn. "Hast worn thy arms to a lovers' tryst?" he sneered.

Not deigning to reply, Philonides drew sword and they fought. From the combatants came no sound save panting breath and clashing steel.

Suddenly a distant shout, the flare of torches. Menander, with gasping breath gave back an answer. Desperate, Philonides dealt him a felling blow, then felt Gismonda seize him by the hand, and together they fled through secret doors, down marble passages, and at last, breathless and exhausted, paused in a tiny chamber far underground.

Philonides pressed his lips to her blood-stained gown. "Is this the end?" he said. "'Tis a little hole to die in! If we could but reach the sea!"

"The sea!" Gismonda fumbled in the niche, touched a spring, a stone moved, and before them a dark and dismal aisle stretched away into blackness.

"But what avails the sea to us?"

"'Tis the road to Paradise!" he cried. "If this take us out near Paris' galley. Here is a mighty secret, O Gismonda—to-night Helen flies with him to Troy, and we, my Rose of Dawn, will bear t' em company!"

"Before the sun rose, a galley stood out across the threatening sea, bearing the Beauty of the World, and a Vestal of Artemis, who, as they fled from the vengeance of an insulted goddess, looked into her lover's eyes, whispering, "To Troy! To Troy!"

The clock in Alicia Barry's studio chimed ten musically.

SOCIETY MELONS.

"Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is credited with saying that friends are like melons—you must try a hundred before you find one of the right sort."

"But it's something of a paradox, isn't it, to cut a friend in order to find out what he's like?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CALL FOR UNITED ACTION.

"Some men fall upward," says Elbert Hubbard.

'Oh, climb with me," sings Richard Le Gallienne. 'These children of genius should get together.

FEMININE WILES.

Stella—I always get to the theater last, so as to be talked about.

Bella—And I always get to the club first, so as not to be talked about.—Judge.

NEW AND POWERFUL DRUG

Adrenalin Is Costly, but Will Be of the Greatest Value to Both Physicians and Surgeons.

One of the newest and most expensive drugs on earth is that known as adrenalin, says the London Standard. Those who are not physicians will be first interested in learning that adrenalin costs $7,000 a pound.

Adrenalin is the most powerful astringent, hemostatic and heart tonic known. Adrenalin puckers up the walls of the smaller blood vessels so that the blood can flow from them even if thier ends are severed. Since this costly drug closes and contracts the arteries, even when they are cut by the surgeon's knife, it is valuable in all forms of hemorrhage.

But it has another great and important use. Experiments have proved that it is a powerful heart stimulant. It will revive a heart that is being killed by chloroform. Chloroform, though quick in its action, is dangerous, but must often be used, when every moment is valuable.

So, if chloroform is necessary, it is of great value to know that adrenalin can be injected into a vein and prevent such heart failure as an overdose of chloroform often causes. This action of adrenalin has been proved by many experiments.

WATCHES NEED OILING.

When did you oil your watch last? Never?

You may remember when you lubricated your sewing machine, typewriter, lawn mower or grindstone—within a year, probably—but your watch you never oiled, that you can remember.

Yet in a period of 18 months the balance wheel turns on its axis 13,996,800,000 times.

Expert watchmakers say that a watch should be thoroughly cleaned and oiled every 18 months. Many persons wear a watch for years, winding it up each night, and never oil it.

Watches are instruments of uncertain age; some run indefinitely; keeping accurate time, without need of repairs. As a matter of fact, nothing is so neglected as this small, delicate and useful instrument.

Rockefeller's Might.

It is said that the Shah of Persia smokes a $500,000 pipe. Can any dream be sufficiently iridescent to match with that?